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ment, as they occupy about a quarter of the paper, there is a la ored attempt to prove that they have done something original in the way of piano making; they talk about "their system;" but on sifting the article carefully, it simply proves that over-stringing in squares is a good system, with the invention of which, however, they have nothing to do, and that even as to the application they were not the first to make it, and that they are only one of a hundred makers who use it, many of whom apply it much more effectively than the house in question.

With their quarrel with the Marquis de Pontecoulant we have nothing to do. But we should have thought that if the noble marquis is accustomed to eat his own words and publish statements which are not true, that this would have formed a bond of sympathy between them that would have induced them to spare him. One thing, however, is certain—if he did say one thing on the 9th of May and another thing on the 20th of June, thus eating his own words, although we have no evidence of the fact, then his evidence on either side is not of the slightest consequence.

JOURNALISM AFTER THE STYLE OF THE N. Y. WEEKLY REVIEW.

The following elegant extract is from the Pittsburg *Commercial* of the 30th ult. Its style resembles the Fourteenth street literature, and the writers, we should judge, are corresponding editors of the *Weekly Review*. Let the article speak for itself :

TO THE PUBLIC.

In reply to the article published in the *Chronicle*, copied from the New York *ART JOURNAL*, we only have to say, that there are in New York quite a lot of the most miserable musical humbugs, always ready to write for or against the interest of some piano manufacturer for a certain amount of money and liquor. To fight such a set of mean bummers, never minding their own business, but always ready to do some dirty work for others, we think much below the dignity of a Pittsburg piano dealer, and the fact that Messrs. Decker and Mellor call for assistance from such a source, proves clearly that they are not able to defend themselves. No slander, from whatever source it may come, can injure the reputation of the Marschall pianos, or their agents,

HOFFMAN, HOENE & CO.,
53 Fifth street.

These gentlemen, it will be remembered, published that they were not born with silver spoons in their mouths, neither, we should judge, were they born with civil tongues in their mouths. Our article last week on the piano controversy going on in Pittsburg, has been copied into several journals of that city, and as it spoke plain and simple truth, has naturally incensed Messrs. Hoffman, Hoene & Co., greatly. We stated facts in a straightforward manner; we exposed the infamous system by which men can to-day bespatter one piano with fulsome puffs, and to-morrow throw dirt at it, traduce its character and standing, and elevate another piano in its place, thus falsifying themselves and libelling honest dealers, while coolly stating that they wish to be honest; we

bore testimony to the high excellency of the Decker pianos, fixing upon Messrs. Hoffman, Hoene & Co., the unutterable meanness of wilfully perverting facts to serve a business purpose, which cannot and ought not to prosper, when such base means are used to forward its interests. It is, therefore, natural that they should feel angry and vituperative, although we did give them credit about the "spoons."

Messrs. Hoffman, Hoene & Co., who seem to have acquired the vulgarities of the English language with facility, will soon learn, that slang is not an argument with which to combat stubborn facts. It is easy to pile up low invectives, but it is not so easy to justify a dishonorable act, while oppressed with the consciousness of the truth of the accusation.

We do not envy the position which these dealers now hold, publicly and privately, but we do regret that Messrs. Marschall & Mittner, who are fair traders in an excellent article, should have placed their business in the hands of such unscrupulous agents, who can swallow their own words, badly flavored as they are, and change their coats with such fatal facility.

MR. F. G. S. MELBYE, THE ARTIST, EN ROUTE.

Mr. Melbye, the well-known artist of this city, is about to traverse the world; he expects to put a girdle round about it, although he hardly expects to make as good time as Shakespeare's "Ariel," which was twenty minutes less than an hour. Mr. Melbye is going out as the artistic guest of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and the proposed route of travel is of intense interest. He leaves in the steamer "New York," and makes direct for the Cape Verde Isles, and from thence to St. Helena, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yeddo, Yokohama, and other ports of Japan, and so on to San Francisco, returning either by the way of the Rocky Mountains or by Panama.

Mr. Melbye will undoubtedly return laden with sketches, invaluable art treasures, for elaboration in the future. We wish him a happy and successful voyage, and safe return, and shall be glad to hear from him from all points of interest.

TERRACE GARDEN CONCERTS.

The weather continues unusually capricious, but the public seizes every fair night to crowd its favorite place of amusement. We repeat that the programmes are rich in the best selections of all classes of good music, classic and popular. One of the most charming selections of the present week was the *Poco adagio variazione*, from Haydn's "Emperor Quartette," for strings only, which was

beautifully played, and was most keenly relished by the audience.

To-morrow evening the Eighth Sunday Concert will take place. Notwithstanding that it poured in torrents last Sunday evening, over two hundred persons listened to a fine performance in the large Hall on the premises—a convincing proof of the popularity of these concerts.

NEW MUSIC.

Thirty-six Songs Without Words. By John M. Loretz, Jun'r. Published at Sawyer's Warerooms, 59 Fulton av., Brooklyn, L. I.

We have received the two first books of a series of six, comprising thirty-six songs without words, composed by John M. Loretz, Jun'r., and having examined them carefully, we find them worthy of high consideration, for their fine poetic feeling, their musicianly treatment, their ingenious construction and charming melodic flow, combined with fair characteristic descriptive power. To enter a field in which Mendelssohn, Schumann and Heller have sown thoughts of such deathless beauty is no light undertaking, for the form is so marked, so simple, that comparison is involuntarily challenged, and it need hardly be pointed out to whose disadvantage it would be made. But as Art is inexhaustible, and fresh minds are forever reproducing old thoughts in new and attractive forms, poor indeed must that writer be from whose works we can glean nothing to admire and remember.

Mr. Loretz has done some things in the two books before us that are well worthy of admiration and remembrance. The subjects chosen by him are as follows: Book No. 1—"The Little Beggar Boy;" "Do Not Go;" "The Huntsman's Dream;" "Wherefore those Sighs?" "A Gallant Knight is my Cavalier;" "Song of Praise." Book No. 2—"The Sailor's Adieu;" "Musing Sad and Lonely;" "Serenade in Tunis;" "Lullaby;" "Sabbath-morning Bells;" "The Tournament at Raab."

The broadest, simplest and most tender of these is "The Sailor's Adieu," which is charming in its unaffected and earnest sentiment. The quaintest melody is "Wherefore those Sighs?" accompanied throughout by chords in arpeggio, for the left hand; the melody flows on, increasing in passion, but calming down where the first melody returns, accompanied effectively with a figure above for the right hand. The whole treatment is good, and the sentiment is well sustained throughout. The "Serenade in Tunis" is probably more marked with originality than any of the songs. The figure in the bass, which gives the character to the composition, is happily conceived, and is skilfully carried out through the various changes of harmony. It is a decidedly clever composition. The

"Lullaby" is in many respects beautiful. The form of the bass is not new, and the two-bar figure which introduces the subjects in every change of key does not, sometimes, sufficiently prepare the change. But the melodies are sweet, the treatment eminently clever, and the prevailing tone is that of refined tenderness. "The Huntsman's Dream" is clear and good, but not very striking. The "Song of Praise" is strong and fervent, with much majesty and high-toned sentiment. Without deserving, perhaps, the charge of imitation, the emphatic portion of the subject inevitably suggests the thought of the Russian Hymn. The similarity is confined, barely, to two chords having the same position and effect in both pieces. Had the similarity struck Mr. Loretz, he would have altered it, than to do which nothing could be easier.

The "Little Beggar Boy," and "Do Not Go," are both charming melodies, the one simple and tender, and the other earnest and passionate. The "Sabbath-morning Bells" is a smooth, sustained melody, with an open chord accompaniment divided between the right and left hands. The idea of the bell, and the calm and subdued sentiment which its tones inspire, are cleverly and melodiously carried out. "A Gallant Knight is my Cavalier" has a quaint old ring with it, and, played in the spirit of its conception, will prove a story well told. The "Tournament at Raub" is a spirited, dashing, martial movement, with all the pomp and clang of the jousting.

The preludes or symphonies to the several motivos are deserving of special remark for their graceful, apposite foreshadowing of the subjects. These "Songs Without Words" indicate in the composer the possession of a fine talent. Without the stamp of positive originality, they show musicianly feeling, refinement of sentiment, a delicate and tender imagination combined with character and force. They are not written for technical display, but, though requiring fine artistic rendering to interpret them justly, they are incidents and sentiments naturally and ably expressed. We are glad to make this young composer known to our readers, and hope to have the opportunity to know and say more of him in the future.

The compositions are got up in a style highly creditable to the establishment of Mr. Sawyer.

Three Beautiful Ballads, by Anna Burchard. "Come Back to Kathleen," "The Heart can ne'er Grow Cold," "Sing me to Sleep, Mother." C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.

These are three very simple songs, with familiar and agreeable melodies, and easy accompaniments. They have little musical merit, but they have, in their simplicity, the elements of popularity.

When Lovers say "Good Night." Serenade by J. L. Hatton. C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway.

This serenade was written for Signor Brignoli, by one of the very best song writers of the day, J. L. Hatton, the author of "Good-bye Sweetheart," and five hundred other beautiful ballads. It shows the thorough skill of the composer in the excellent treatment of the subject, and in the hands of a good singer it is very effective. It is, probably, a little more spun out than we usually find in Hatton's ballads, but it is a thoroughly good song, and should become generally popular.

Valse Brillante. Composed by Oscar Mapes Newell. Wm. A. Pond & Co., N. Y.

This is the work of a student in art, who is both ambitious and promising. It would have been better, of course, if he had retained it as an exercise, as but few, if any, first productions are fit to appear outside the closet. This Waltz is a series of passages, which have quite a brilliant effect when executed clearly and rapidly. It lacks that one great essential of a waltz, Concert Waltz or otherwise, namely, a broad, appreciable melody, without which the end and the aim of such a composition has been missed. Still, it evinces a certain degree of facility, from which we may augur much better things in the future. There is a certain flashy brilliancy about it, which apparently renders it very popular, for whenever Mr. Newell plays it in public, he is certain to be vociferously encored. We wish Mr. Newell well, for we think he is earnest, active and enthusiastic; but it would be well if he would remember that there is no "royal road to knowledge," —that it is impossible to leap into eminence, and that slow and sure is the maxim which will surely lead to success, for the inner force of genius is the power to wait.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, July, 1867.

DEAR MR. WATSON:

My brief congé that I received from Prof. Stamaty having expired, I have again resumed my studies, and I am now enjoying a true musical honeymoon with old Beethoven. You will remember that I stopped at the 12th Sonata, that my fingers succumbed to its sublime difficulties. This Sonata (A flat, op. 26), according to De Lenz, is the most perfect of all his Sonatas. Such a great creation, he says, comes from Heaven, and comes only once in the lifetime of an artist. Rochlitz finds in the Andante and Variations a village history, a tender young heart reared beneath a rustic cottage, and nursed by soft, country breezes; but De Lenz thinks they tell a grander story than the simple village loves of Rochlitz. He says these variations are a true touch-stone for artists; by them we can tell if the pianist who interprets them is a *Prix du Conservatoire* or a poet. De Lenz speaks quite contemptuously of the efforts of children to perform them, and relates that this Andante was the entire life of an artist

named Wehrstaedt, who in 1827 was the first professor in Geneva. De Lenz, who was a pupil of this old master, thus describes his first lesson with Wehrstaedt: "When the master came to give me my lesson, he seated himself in silence beside the horrible piano of the *pension*, after having addressed to me a little dry salutation. I opened the Sonata of Beethoven. Casting a melancholy glance at me, he said, 'Why this piece? Why not the galop of Herz?' 'I love it. I have often played it,' said I. 'What a pity! You *cannot* know what this page contains!' I commenced to play it, as it is usually performed by those who have learnt it of good masters. 'Stop,' he said, and took my place at the piano. To tell you how he played it, is impossible. His fingers clove to the keys *à la* Siamese brothers; the theme of Beethoven, the piano and the man were one. Never have I heard such ligato, and such penetrating expression. Wehrstaedt concluded that in following his advice, I might hope in one year to play the first eight bars *en proprement*. The crescendo at the ninth exacted a new and serious study of crescendo in general, and of this in particular; as for the last part of the motive, I must renounce the idea of playing it, he said, on account of the diabolical trill upon the *ré*, a study of twenty years not having permitted him to play it always properly." This trill, it will be remembered, is made with the fourth and fifth fingers of the right hand. After this, I need not blush at my digital weakness.

As I never see my old love, the ART JOURNAL, you cannot expect me to anticipate what will most interest you. I know nothing of your correspondents in Paris, but I presume that you are informed of all the great events that are transpiring, so that I will only write you of my own enjoyments.

Two Sundays ago I heard some very interesting music at the last of the Concerts given by the Société des Concerts in the theatre of the Conservatoire. The tickets were very difficult to obtain, so I appealed to my artist friend, Mlle. Laure C—, to purchase one for me, and it was agreed that I should accompany her. Nothing was said about the price I would give, or the location we should occupy; all was left to my friend; but when I arrived at the dwelling of my Muse, she remarked that it was a pity I had made such a pretty toilette, for we had seats very high up. Very high, indeed, I thought, as I seated myself in the *paradis*; they could not have been higher, unless we had perched upon the roof,—and the temperature was far from salubrious. But Laure said, as she saw my disappointment, "You know, *ma cherie*, that this is the best place in the house for *hearing*." And truly I never listened to such grandeur of tone. The concert commenced with the famous C minor Symphony of Beethoven. The orchestra is composed chiefly of the professors of the Conservatoire, Alard being one of them. I assure you this grand old symphony was rendered in very different tempo from that adopted by Mons. Bilse and his cold orchestra at the Cercle International. For me the hearing of it will be memorable. I *felt* as well as heard every note. Never before did I hear such *brio* and *abandon*, if I may use the word here. Mlle. Laure whispered, "One can see that they play *par cœur*." Next came a chorus by Grétry, sung by male voices without accompaniment, and followed by a *Hallelujah* chorus by male and female voices, that was full of joy and transported me to Heaven. Then some fragments of the